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WOMAN,

A Poem.

Frontispiece.

Hilton del. *Hopwood sc.*

See the young Mother on her lap admire
Her little image asking fine attire.

p.24.

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WOMAN,

A Poem.

BY

EATON STANNARD BARRETT, ESQ.

STUDENT OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE.

Forsake her not and she shall preserve thee.
Love her and she shall keep thee.
Exalt her and she shall promote thee.

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1810.

PREFACE.

UNLESS the subject of a poem 'come home,' as Bacon expresses it, 'to men's business and bosoms,' imagery, sentiment and elegant language are expended upon it in vain. Pope's Essay on Man was probably written with as much care as the poet could bestow, and with as much happiness as the subject would admit; and yet

how many works of inferior writers, nay, how many minor productions of his own are preferred beyond it. And here the reader may consider me rather unfortunate to have instanced Man as an unpopular topic, in endeavouring to prove Woman a popular one; particularly too, when it is recollected, that Pope's Essay comprehended the one sex just as much as the other. But the design of each poem differs essentially. That of Pope's is an abstract system of ethics, treating of the human species, as it respects the scale of the universe, from infinitude to nothing. The following treats of Woman, as she stands with regard to Man, and appears in the daily walks

of life. It is addressed, not to the freethinker and the philosopher, but to the libertine, the pedant and the clown. In short, it is a practical, instead of a theoretical essay; and in order to be comprehended, requires of us an acquaintance, perhaps, with the common forms and relations of society, but dispenses with the perusal of Bolinbroke, Leibnitz and Spinoza.

Virgil embellished his poem upon soil trees and cattle, with a disquisition on the qualities of bees; justly considering this part of it as the most elegant and dignified; inasmuch as these little animals appear to possess some portion of human intelligence. Surely then, in discussing the nature

of the Fair Sex, I may well lay claim to superiority of subject; unless indeed Bees be deemed a more rational race than Ladies, and the management of a hive more interesting than the œconomy of a house. In fact, how seldom do we mix in society without hearing the comparative merits of the sexes canvassed; without finding Woman either idolized by the courtier or stigmatized by the profligate; without being told, either that she was born to be an empress, or that she was meant to be a slave. It is then to vindicate her from these opposite opinions, (each equally injurious to her), that the following poem was composed.

But as the mere adoption of a subject depends a good deal upon chance, so he who has lighted upon a happy one, deserves little praise for the invention, but much blame if he fail in the execution. Yet such is the taste of the day, that in acknowledging the pains which I have bestowed upon the following performance, I fear I shall injure more than serve it in the estimation of the reader. For the present fashion decrees, that what is correct must consequently be cold, and that to write with fire it is necessary to write with velocity. 'Fluent Shakspeare,' they triumphantly tell us, 'scarce effaced a line.' True; and who but wishes that fluent

Shakspeare had erased three-fourths of his lines, and inserted others more correct in their stead? Can a fault and a beauty be one and the same? or must the erasure of the one render indispensible the expulsion of the other? When Shakspeare says,

> 'Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
> 'The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
> 'Or to *take arms* against a *sea* of troubles,
> 'And by opposing end them.'——

might he not have avoided the confused metaphor of *taking arms against a sea*, without diminishing the force or elegance of the passage? O but, say they, great geniuses cannot con-

descend to the mechanism of correction. And yet did not Virgil condescend? That great genius spent seven years in composing two thousand lines; and I believe none will call them cold lines. Why may we not, as Pope advises,

'Write with fury, but correct with phlegm?'

And who will say that the sculptor should have refrained from that last stroke of his chisel, which as he gave, he bade the marble speak? It is an erroneous notion, that if the matter of a work be solid, no superadded ornaments are required. We know that the hardness of a diamond is more valuable than the polish which de-

pends upon it; but we likewise know, that its intrinsic excellence were useless without its exterior brilliancy.

The fact is, that in censuring correct writing, men argue from abuse to use. For as he who possesses a splendid imagination, is seldom blest with a sound judgment, consequently, should he revise his work, he will hack and hew without discrimination, and often blot out beauties instead of faults.

Hence, seldom finding a work conspicuous both in judgment and in fancy, many readers imagine the one quality quite incompatible with the other. Yet surely, when a man of

judgment corrects, he must improve, not mutilate; else how can he properly be called a man of judgment?

But when poems are injured by too much correction, it is owing to this unhappiness, that he who has a weak judgment is commonly ignorant of it, and consequently erroneous in his use of it. One essential end of public criticism, is to render writers conscious of those failings which otherwise they would not have known; and indeed it cannot be denied, that the present age is far more fortunate in pure criticism than in genuine poetry. But unfortunately, the same incapacity which prevents us from perceiving the defects of our works,

precludes us from discovering the deficiencies of our minds.

If then this volume, instead of adorning the libraries of the Fair, shall be condemned to the meaner office of compressing their ringlets, I shall bow to my destiny without a murmur. And yet, as no man wishes to believe himself dull, I fear I shall not find much consolation in reflecting that I cannot attribute my failure to want of industry; for I freely confess, that I have omitted no mechanical means of improving my production. I have spared neither time nor trouble, neither friendship nor research; anxious as I am to render it acceptable to the fair race for whose advantage it is

designed ; and not at all callous to that natural solicitude, with which a young author first launches his name on 'the multitudinous sea' of criticism.

WOMAN.

Part I.

Contents of Part I.

Exordium. Why Woman was created. Most Men ignorant why. This ignorance conspicuous among the Heathens. Christianity gave rise to Female Influence: Chivalry encreased it: French Profligacy brought it to excess. Both extremes shunned in England; yet, even here, numbers oppress the Sex. Characters of its Oppressors. These argue that Woman is inferior to Man, because she has not all the Qualities of Man. This Assertion combated.

WOMAN.

PART I.

Young, and enamour'd of a youthful theme,
I sing the Sex oppress by man supreme;
Oppress by bards, who first its heart revile,
Then sleek the dittied sonnet on its smile.
But now, while I, 'twixt ardent and austere,
Hold equal poise, illustrious Woman, hear;
Be present, and approve. Our isle to thee,
Owes every virtue that preserves it free.

For what save Virtue shields us? Hence avail
The vows of George, whom jubilant we hail.
Hence heav'n directs his crimson cross unfurl'd,
And makes him Monarch of the wat'ry world.
Hence, while the time foretold of last alarms,
Hastes, and to mystic Armageddon arms;
While pow'r is godhead, policy the creed,
The height of human virtue, to succeed;
While the gun thunders as the Gaul invades,
And gory lips besmear polluted maids;
Lo, here the virgin lives uninjured hours,
Here sees no hostile marches crush her flow'rs;
No clarion save the lark, no sanguine flood,
Save verdant veins of vegetable blood.
Since then the Sex, (exampled, Queen, by thee,
And thy fair household,) aids our Albion free,

Bards, in defending Woman, verse defend,
For languages decay when empires end.
But me, who pant with appetence of fame,
More arduous arts of public weal enflame;
Me, not alone content, by Muses mov'd,
To flow thro' mortal mouths in verse approv'd.
Unsocial life to bind in social chain,
Domestic loves and virtues to maintain;
To solace toiling man, and tame his mind,
Benignant Heav'n created Womankind.
Yet, when we contemplate her lot, we learn
How few her native character discern;
How seldom men her proper province know,
How seldom merited esteem bestow.
In ancient ages, infidel and rude,
Ev'n empires, else with social arts endu'd,

Mistook the station that the Sex beseem'd,
Despis'd it or ador'd, but ne'er esteem'd.
From deities ideal, fabled good,
Her erring moral Woman understood.
A slaughter'd son unwept, became her boast;
Fame to preserve, Lucretia virtue lost.
Immur'd were wives, while wantons unrestrain'd
Sat arbitrant, and social life maintain'd.
Now too, barbaric Africa commands
Her matrons, unesteem'd, to till her lands;
Now mooned Turks a hundred wives admire,
And Indian widows on the pile expire.

But when Heav'n doom'd a Virgin to conceive,
(For Mary well aton'd the fault of Eve),
Then sanctitude divine inspiring man,
With Christian influence Feminine began.

This yet augmented as an age arose,
Of Gothic vagrants and of feudal foes;
When each endanger'd female men secur'd
In cloister'd cell, or turret circummur'd.
For then avengeful, arm'd her loyal knight,
Who to love pious added love polite.
Scarr'd by the Paynim scimitar, he bow'd
Obsequious at her feet, and passion vow'd;
While frequent life adventur'd in her aid,
A broider'd scarf, a rosy smile repaid.
Romantic race and rude; yet more refin'd
Than modern Gaul, the bane of humankind.
Here manners reign, not morals; here extends
Luxurious life, and life domestic ends;
While Woman, inexpert of useful arts,
Preserves her empire by depraving hearts.

These vicious modes Iberia soon assail'd,
Where Danube rolls his Austrian wave prevail'd;
Where Clelia Tuscan Tiber swam of old,
And tow'red Tajo laves his sands of gold.
Hence Europe fell. A country to secure,
Her men must flourish free, her women pure.
But in these Isles, avoiding each extreme,
The Sex is not opprest, and not supreme.
Yet here, ev'n here, a barb'rous herd disdain
Its influence, and tyrannic rule maintain.
For here the Libertine, expert to ply
The brimming crystal and advent'rous die,
Assorts with wantons, and by these alone
Unjustly judges of the wife unknown.
Each in his eyes inherits equal sin,
Without, an angel, but an imp within.

Displeas'd because unpleasing, clowns confound
In rank and usage, woman, horse and hound;
Hate the domestic hearth, indulge the day
In hunted fields, and cleave to native clay.

In books the Pedant studies Womankind,
And hence adopts a model too refin'd.
He, blushing with redoubled blood, recoils
Before her smile, to shun colloquial toils.
He, while young husbands circle happy charms,
Won to his couch by no connubial arms,
Prefers to pore beneath nocturnal noon,
Pace slow, and meditate the barren moon.
A rake, a clown, a pedant comprehend
All the bad husbands who the sex offend.

But thou, whom maidens Womanhater call,
Some lep'rous miscreant art thou, loath'd of all,

Form'd to blaspheme all human, all divine,
And drug with poison sacramental wine.
Go, follow fortunes unbenign; explore
Wide deserts, open subterranean ore.
Go, with ungentle Africans abide,
On hissing keel the huge Atlantic ride,
Lur'd by Potosin gold. But far remove
Thy baleful aspect from abodes of love.
The sheafy field whose toil the maiden shares,
The breathless umbrage over nestled pairs;
Vales where the hamlet dance at eve serene,
Pale thatches peeping thro' unguilty green.
Unhappy man! no little, prattling care
Twines with thy silver locks its golden hair;
No maid for thee feels amorous alarms,
No nuptial love, indulging urgent arms,

Hangs on thy bosom, and thy kiss enflam'd
Returns with tender blandishments unblam'd.
Thee, tempests whelm beneath some dreary flood,
And famish'd tigers drink thy living blood.
These then all feminine desert deny,
While Eve and Satan failing wit supply.
And these imagine that ourselves exceed
The Sex in merit and in useful deed,
Because some gifts embellish men alone,
That women, seldom wanting, seldom own.
To spheres distinct the sexes Heav'n confin'd,
And hence appropriate attributes assign'd.
As each aids other with its sep'rate arts,
Immutual natures make commutual hearts.
Thus each its own dissimilar desires;
The timid female hardihood admires;

Reserv'd, she loves our fervour. Thus, they say,
Meek natures fierce prefer, and solemn, gay;
Brown glances eyes of azure tinct approve,
And jetty tresses shining flaxen love.
But were the sep'rate orbits once confus'd,
If men the needle and the distaff us'd;
If arm'd, and asking no collat'ral aid,
The blushing kind shou'd traffic, sail, invade,
Soon sexual war, like national, wou'd bleed,
And Envy, now not sexual, Love succeed.
Then other Amazons a pap wou'd shear,
Or like the Cimbrian Prophetess appear;
Who, tuckt in bloody tunic, and her waist
In rigid surcingle of brass embrac'd,
Transfix'd her victim, and ere life cou'd part,
Thro' his rent midriff pluck'd his rooted heart;

Then from the panting clot foreboded strife,
The fibres writhing underneath her knife.

Then those who solace home, if man despise,
Because they want in war and enterprise,
As well he may condemn the humid moon,
Because her crescents want the flame of noon;
Tho' were she fire, no genial dew wou'd fall;
The baleful star wou'd parch the shrivell'd ball.

WOMAN.

Part II.

Contents of Part II.

Having recounted the wrongs of Woman, the Poet endeavours to rescue her from them by detailing her Virtues. Woman superior to Man, 1st. In Devotion: 2d. In maternal affection—this exemplified by an Episode. Picture of a Mother and her Child. 3d. In the Charities. 4th. In good Faith,—her Tenderness solaces us from the cradle to the grave. 5th. In Modesty. 6th. In Chastity. Seduction, how detestable. The Change which it effects in the Female. No Contrition avails her. Episode of Caroline.

WOMAN.

PART II.

Now Muse, the miseries of Woman told,
Her virtues, acts, and influence next unfold;
To make corrected Man repair her wrongs,
And learn how merit to her lot belongs.

What in her perils oft we see supply
Her courage, and serene her closing eye,
Is mild devotion. Woman all exceeds
In ardent sanctitude, and pious deeds.

Erst, when eruptions subterrene eras'd
Italian towns, and many a plain defac'd,
Remains of men the delving mattock found,
In posture to repel the peril round.
But every virgin, on devoted knee,
Her pious arms expanded, Heav'n, to thee;
To shield their children mothers died in vain,
And closely clasp'd them with a parting strain.
'Twas then a tender matron, while she smil'd
In placid transport o'er her slumb'ring child,
Felt the portentous shock, and with a cry,
Her infant lifted, and essay'd to fly:
In vain—heapt ruins round her interpose,
Obstruct the casement, and the door enclose.
Nor aught avails her mercy to demand,
Or seek escape with impotence of hand.

Two tedious suns, untasting food, she pines,
No succour comes, her milky fount declines:
Till her dear baby, with imploring sounds,
Complains, and presses unreplenish'd rounds.
What wilt thou now, poor mother? ah! what art
Can save its little life about to part?
'O my lost babe!' she cries at every moan,
And hugs its heart yet harder to her own.
Now running round, Help! help! with shrill alarms,
Help, help! exclaims, and writhes her frantic arms.
Now with percussive palm the door assails,
Now scrapes the gritty wall with bleeding nails.
Then fainting, gasping, by her infant lies,
And with parch'd kisses prints its lips and eyes.
'O live, my joy, my solace!' sobs she wild;
'Why do you gaze on me, my heav'nly child?

'She sees not, hears not! Speak, in mercy move!
'Here, here is milk—awake, my love, my love!'
That moment, rapid thro' the shatter'd walls,
The shock returns; a rifted fragment falls:
Swift thro' the chasm she rushes, soon restores
Her starving infant, and her God adores.

See the young mother on her lap admire
Her little image asking fine attire;
In twisted roses prank its amber hair,
And bless the smile she fancies past compare;
The prattle perfect to herself alone,
The father's eye, the dimple like her own;
Press the small hand that to her bosom steals,
And half its well-remember'd snow reveals.
See with what joy she plies her anxious art!
Kiss but her babe you win her instant heart.

Sweet dotage not unwise. But soon succeed
More sober transport, more endearing deed.
And chief in Woman charities prevail,
That soothe when sorrows or disease assail.
As dropping balm medicinal instils
Health when we pine, her tears alleviate ills;
And the moist emblems of her pity flow,
As heav'n relented with the wat'ry bow.
Let pearls embellish tresses, dew the morn,
But beauties more divine the maid adorn,
When, mourning him she lov'd, her tender tear
That else had blest his bed, imbathes his bier.
Ask the poor pilgrim on this convex cast,
His grizzled locks distorted in the blast;
Ask him what accent soothes, what hand bestows
The cordial bev'rage, garment and repose;

O he will dart a spark of ancient flame,
And clasp his tremulous hands, and Woman name.
Peruse the sacred volume, Him who died
Her kiss betray'd not, nor her tongue denied.
While ev'n th' Apostle left him to his doom,
She linger'd round his cross, and watch'd his tomb.
O Sex, whom man, weak man avoids in vain,
Fount of his comfort, pillow to his pain;
O constant Sex! on thee, nurse, guardian, friend,
Our rosy prime, our furrow'd age depend.
Till the ninth crescent sheds her dewy horn,
Thy frame sustains a burden yet unborn.
Our little limbs upon thy lap we rest,
We crush a rill ambrosial from thy breast.
When a white down invests our lips above,
Thy charms enchant us, and we learn to love.

All joys of conjugal accord are thine.
The flaky locks of age on thee recline.
Our eyes thou closest, to the last a slave,
And thy moist sorrow long consoles our grave.
But Woman most in Modesty transcends:
This awes th' audacious, and her reign extends.
More than her smiles her blushes man enthral,
And double every charm by doubting all.
For blushes, bland as Cytherean doves,
Are virtues visible, embodied loves;
Unbought, unbidden, to the cheek they fly,
On pinions crimson with authentic die.
Ev'n when celestial Virtue leaves our mind,
Long glow the rosy retinue behind.
Thus under Ocean tho' the Sun repair,
Red flushes still bestreak Atlantic air.

And see, while Man, unquestion'd and secure,
Indulges vile delights of love impure,
How seldom his seductive arts avail!
One traitor triumphs and a thousand fail.
'Tis feminine Reserve, mid wiles withstood,
Marks and domesticates unblemish'd blood.
Hence husbands fear not in the babe to trace
Maternal rudiments of form and face.
Hence for his household toils the conscious sire;
Hence daughters aid his age, and sons aspire.

Base then is he whose cruel love decoys
The wife from nuptial and domestic joys;
Base who despoils (O heart as marble hard!)
Th' irrevocable gem that virgins guard.
What tho' he grieve, (while impotent to bless,
Success mars all that urg'd him to success),

What tho' he grieve her virtues to destroy,
Because her virtues edg'd his guilty joy?
Yet others' envy shall assuage his pain,
For envy ever makes the vicious vain.
Meantime the maid, untreasur'd of her charm,
What hand in mercy will redeem from harm?
No moist remorse, no pray'r may pity move,
Nor simple youth nor unsuspecting love.
Ah! then the smile whose sun unclouded breaks;
Then rosy visions haunting timid cheeks,
Then health and beauty fade. Indeed, behold
The waist ungirdled and the burning cold;
Now her pale lips enamell'd smiles restore,
Now semblant blushes violate her bloom.
Ah, miserable lot, that thus atones
A tender moment with eternal moans!

All expiate error but a maid undone;
Yet Heav'n accepts her ev'n tho' mortals shun.
But morn the blighted flow'ret shall restore,
Ere mortals say, Go, daughter, sin no more.

Beneath a thatch where gadding woodbine flow'r'd,
About the lattice and the porch embow'r'd,
An aged widow liv'd, whose calm decline
Clung on one hope, her lovely Caroline.
Pure and unprest as Alpine snow was she,
Youths sigh'd to win her, maidens sigh'd to be.
The tangles of her tress a shell controll'd,
A belt her garment unenflam'd with gold.
Her voice the soft timidities betray'd,
And her cheek crost by many a crimson shade.
Her eye dissolv'd at sorrows not her own,
And Love foredoom'd her heart his panting throne.

But fatal hour, when her, by swains unmov'd,
The master of the vale beheld and lov'd.
On the bent herbage, where a gushing rill
Shook the blue violet and the daffodil;
A rain of od'rous roses round her shed,
Umbrageous branches hanging overhead,
The slumb'ring damsel lay. He bent and press'd
Her lip nectareous, ne'er till now carest.
She starts, and like a rosy cloud bestrewn
O'er the pale aspect of a matin moon;
Or as when pierc'd by darts, an Alpine doe
Pours all its purple life upon the snow;
So the maid blushes, while her humble eyes
Fear from a knot of primroses to rise,
And ringlets unrestricted trickle down
Her panting marble in meanders brown.

Need I his arts unfold? Th' accomplish'd guile
That glosses poisonous words with gilded smile?
The tear suborn'd, the tongue complete to please,
Eyes extacied, idolatry of knees?
These and his oaths I pass. Enough to tell,
The virgin listen'd, and believ'd, and fell.
And now from home maternal long decoy'd,
She pines at heart, mid pleasures unenjoy'd,
'Till the same morn beholds her parent dear
Die wretched, and her lover disappear.
Pale with despair, 'At least, at least!' she cries,
'On her cold ashes let me close these eyes.
'Short is that aid the village need bestow,
'Ere by her murder'd clay they lay me low.'
Now without nurture or repose, she hastes
Her journey homeward, over rocks and wastes:

Till mounting the remember'd summit nigh,
Her native village opens on her eye.
She pants, expands her arms, 'Ah, youthful scene!'
Exclaiming, 'ah, dear hamlet, happy green,
'Still ye remain the same; your steeple still,
'All your white cottages, the clacking mill,
'The shallow brook that shivers thro' the stones,
'The plat where dances humour'd tuneful tones.
'All, all remain unalter'd. 'Tis but thine
'To suffer change, weak wicked Caroline!'
Now the prone sun his orb on ocean leans,
And passing shadows lengthen on the greens.
The shepherd pens his cote; the village run,
In a pleas'd tumult to the games begun.
And now while laughter, dance and song prevail,
Lo, the sad penitent, dishevell'd, pale,

Stands in the midst. All whisp'ring gather round,
And gaze amaz'd. The tabors cease to sound.
'Yes, ye may well,' the weeping suppliant cries,
'Well may ye frown with those repulsive eyes.
'Yet pity one, not vicious, but deceiv'd,
'Who vows of marriage, ere she fell, believ'd.
'Without a mother, friend, or sacred home,
'Save, save me, leave me not forlorn to roam.
'Not now the gifts ye once indulgent gave,
'Not now the verse and flow'ry wreath I crave;
'Not now to lead your rural feats along,
'Queen of the dance and despot of the song;
'One shed is all, oh, just one wretched shed,
'To lay my weary limbs, and aching head.
'Then will I bless you, then inure for you,
'My toiling frame to snows and suns and dew;

'Then, while ye laugh and dance, will I, forlorn,
'Beside my murder'd mother sit and mourn.'
She paus'd, expecting answer. None replied.
'And have ye children? have ye hearts?' she cried.
'Save me now, Mothers, as from future harms
'Ye hope to save the babies in your arms!
'See, to you, Maids, I bend on abject knee;
'Youths, ev'n to you, who bent before to me.
'O, by our past delights, our happy plays,
'By dear remembrance of departed days;
'By pity's self, your cruel Parents move;
'By youth, by friendship; ah! by those ye love!
'All silent? what! no hope, no pardon near?
'No tender mercy? what! not ev'n a tear?
'Yes, ever erring, I believ'd in vain,
'Love constant, youth indulgent, age humane

'Go then, ye good! in lucre life employ,
'Replenish pleasant cups, indulge your joy;
'Go then, yet I, hereafter, I, forgiv'n,
'May plead for you before the throne of Heav'n.
'Ye happy passions of my rural hours,
'Ye skies all sunshine and ye paths all flow'rs;
'Ye hopes that hover'd round my slumb'ring head,
'Visions of morn, ah, whither have ye fled?
'And can no long remorse your joys restore?
'And must I never, never know you more?
'Home then, dear Home, belov'd in vain by me,
'Dear happy Home, a last farewell to thee!'
Clasp't are her hands, her features strewn with hair,
And her eyes sparkle with a keen despair.
But turning to depart, a burst of tears,
And efforts, as of one withheld, she hears.

'Speak!' she conjures, 'ere yet to phrensy driv'n,
'Tell me who weeps? what angel sent from heav'n?'
'I, I your friend!' exclaims, with panting charms,
A rosy girl, and darts into her arms.
'What! will you leave me? me, your other heart?
'Me, your own Ellen? no, we must not part;
'No, never! Come, and in our cottage live,
'Come, for the cruel Village shall forgive;
'O my own darling, come, and unreprov'd,
'Here on this heart rest ever, friend belov'd,
'Here on this constant heart!' While thus she spoke,
Her furious sire the linkt embraces broke.
Borne in his arms, imploring short delay,
She spreads expressive hands and faints away.

But now the wretch with haggard laugh unwise,
Round and around revolving vacant eyes,
Slow from the scene removes, and moody, pale,
Imprints her lip with violence of nail.
Mute, while the matrons, unreserv'd no more,
Fear for her brain and answer oft implore.
Soon a poor maniac, innocent of ill,
The miserable berry, herb and rill
Subsist the simple maid. A hovel near
Her native Vale defends her from the year.
There she sighs piteous, there unseen, unknown,
Chaunts hasty snatches of harmonious moan;
Her tender feet to flints and brambles bare,
And wither'd willows weeping in her hair.
When elms empearl their leafy locks with dew,
And sparkles pale imblaze the concave blue,

She gathers slumb'ring flow'rs, and with their hues
The silent ashes of her Mother strews;
While much amaz'd, the village sees at morn,
New roses the funereal turf adorn.
Such her employ; till now one wintry day,
Some peasants passing the maternal clay,
Find the poor ruin, life for ever flown,
With her cheek pressing the sepulchral stone;
Her stiffen'd fingers knitted, wan her hue,
And her lank locks bedropt with frigid dew.
Her Ellen hymns her requiem. Willows pine
Around her grave. Now peace to Caroline.

WOMAN.

Part III.

Contents of Part III.

Woman not only cherishes Virtues which we have not, but avoids Vices which we have. Why she seems to possess several evil Passions in a greater degree than Man. These Passions encreased by Want of Education. The Qualities of her Mind require Culture extremely. These Qualities and our own contradistinguished. Her Mind energetic in Emergencies—Illustrious Women. But she was born to preside over Peace, not War. Her Influence, 1st. Over the useful Arts. 2d. Over the fine Arts—Digression in Praise of Poetry. Her tranquil contrasted with our turbulent Life.—3d. Over Man. How this Influence refines our Minds and animates our Actions.

WOMAN.

PART III.

But in each Virtue while the Sex excel,
The crimes and ills we follow they repel.
The grape intemp'rate and the wanton dome,
The die that hazards honour, virtue, home;
Hands in their own unholy hearts imbrued,
And guilty glory red with realms subdued.
Let Men imagine in themselves abide
Less than in Woman, slander, envy, pride:

Not so : but more conspicuous these appear
In her more candid heart and narrow sphere.
Or if these foibles influence Woman more,
'Tis from defect of intellectual lore.
For to mere ornament of form, not mind,
Her constant care all ages have confin'd,
Since bladed grasses leafy garments sew'd,
Till quarried Ind on tissued Persia glow'd.
Blame then her despot, whose ascendant will
Directs her culture, and directs it ill.

And she judicious culture much requires,
To lead her reason and confine her fires.
For ev'n in souls a sexual diff'rence seems,
And ardent Woman ever loves extremes.
Hence vile or virtuous more than man she proves ;
Him judgment urges, her 'tis impulse moves.

If he, propense to meditative mood,
Far ills avert, she grasps immediate good.
Her rapid mind decides while his debates,
She feels an inf'rence, he but calculates.
Ev'n what she wants in his sublime of mind,
Taste well atones, and sentiment refin'd;
In tongue colloquial, correspondent pen,
More quick and exquisite of wit than men.
Supreme in satire with extracted stings,
And fancy wantoning on thousand wings.

Yet oft, when some momentous hour demands
Illustrious deed, her panting heart expands.
Then see th' enthusiast floods and flames defy,
Endure, repel, encounter, conquer, die.
And here my Muse of heroines high might tell,
Born to command, who warr'd or govern'd well.

Espous'd of Lapidoth, the dame who won
And sang the battle Jabin wag'd undone.
Semiramis, the Babylonian queen,
And Arataphila, who freed Cyrene.
Aspasia, aiding Cyrus, and with these,
Zenobia, Phila, Carian Artemise.
Britannic Boadicea, mighty name,
And wise Eliza, smit with noble fame.
But Woman warbling joys and soft alarms,
Abhors the horrid horn and clang of arms.
All useful arts, and delicate of hand,
That social life refine, the Sex command.
They weave the lawn episcopal, and thin
As web insectile, Belgic laces spin;
The silken egg, with exquisite design,
Inweave, and tissued metals intertwine.

They two these arts invented. With the fleece
Arachne Lydia cloth'd. Minerva Greece;
And Isis Egypt, Naamah the Jew,
Oella, transatlantic queen, Peru.

And Woman, eloquent herself, adorns
Our rude oration, adding bloom to thorns.
Her pencil elegant design improves,
Her warbling voice harmonious music moves;
And while unseen th' ethereal flight of song,
Fledg'd on her lip mellifluent, floats along,
Vice all dissolv'd, inclines a virtuous ear,
And selfish Misery mingles half his tear.

But thee, the Muse whose fluctuant round of rays,
Thro' long and laurell'd locks resplendent plays;
Whose eyes effuse sweet fury, in whose hands,
A graven page of adamant expands,

Thee Woman first inspir'd; for youths, in shades,
Invented verse to melt untender maids.
Did ever Virgin Poet disregard?
Was ever fervent Lover feeble Bard?
Then turn, dear Maiden, who my heart beguile,
Turn then, and grace my numbers with your smile.
Grac'd with your smile, O let my numbers move,
Nor what you deign to verse deny to love.

Is there who dares disdain th' immortal Muse?
Unhonour'd falls his life, and none peruse.
For verse the virtuous, verse the brave enflames,
Inspires each enterprise and then proclaims.
Tyrtæan numbers victory cou'd recal,
Athenian verse preserv'd th' Athenian wall.
Ere writing came, the Muse, sole record long,
Sang oral. Thales issued laws in song.

Heav'n too deputed the Britannic Bard,
Our isle, of old, to legislate and guard;
And call the Gorsedd to the mystic stone,
Braint, Derwydd, Ovydd, Awenyddion.
Not ev'n the holy legend verse disdains,
And Heav'n forgives in sempiternal strains.
Verse can make fame immortal, while the bust
Of monumental marble lies in dust;
Can laurel Pitt and Wellington ensphere,
Who rivall'd Agincourt at Talavere;
And Nelson, orb of our nocturnal shade,
Who set majestic in the waves he sway'd.
But other arts, important as our own,
Tho' less conspicuous, deck the Sex alone.
We, loud as bounteous floods, our good diffuse,
They bless unheard, unseen as fruitful dews.

The mind of man inglorious gold enflames,
Interminable ires, immod'rate aims.
To tame the main immense, behold his strokes
Cleave knotted members of tremendous oaks.
Him meagre famine, spotted pest surround,
While hoofs implated pace, and clarions sound,
And maidens' shrieks are heard, and tow'rs expire
In scarlet sparkles of nocturnal fire.

But the meek female far from war removes,
Girt with the Graces and alluring Loves.
To rear the life we destine to destroy,
To heal the wound we plant is her employ.
To her the tear and dimpled smile belong,
To her the taleful hearth, the dance, the song,
(Sounds of content!) to her the milky kine,
And wheel attenuant of the flaxen twine.

Thus like some mountain, Appenine or And,
Enscar'd by glimpses of the forky brand,
Around whose howling summit, blaucht with snow,
Black clouds encounter, cat'racts roar below,
And tumbling crags abrupt the vulture hears;
Thus like some awful mountain, man appears.

The vale below resembles Womankind.
Here od'rous airs serene the glebe unbind;
Here ruddy summer, damasking the mould,
The green ear burnishes with rustling gold.
Flocks in white fleeces nibble dewy blooms,
And the grove rustles with the painted plumes.

Thus gifted, gentle Woman holds o'er Man
Just influence, and completes the social plan.
She rules who rule the world. Her smiles assuage
Hard hearts, and animate dejected age.

She graces language, adds engaging ease;
The bond of social love, desire to please;
Th' adapted look that hangs on all you tell,
The science not unwise, to trifle well.
Bids eyes of fiery menace beam like moons,
And ev'n her silver voice our tongue attunes.
She slackens arms of misers hugging gold,
She strikes an ardent sparkle from the cold;
Supreme in dimpled humour, gloom she drowns,
Her tranquil forehead unentrencht by frowns.
Beneath her empire, arts adorn the boor,
And sudden virtue startles souls impure.
So vales some rushing cataract command,
Receive, and into placid lakes expand.
Men act, but Woman actuates. Her to move,
Her to delight, laborious arts improve.

Hence howling wilds with flow'rs and shade we
strew,
From mountains architect'ral marble hew;
Explore where rubies blush, where suns imblaze
The diamond tremulous with wat'ry rays;
And costly looms of Ind importing home,
Round the tempestuous desolation roam.
Her to defend we die. Hence Albion arms,
Whose Isles exclude all bondage but her charms.

WOMAN.

Part IV.

Contents of Part IV.

The Causes of Woman's Influence over the Mind of Man are, 1st. Her Knowledge of the human Heart. 2d. Her Submission. 3d. Her Beauty—Description of a beautiful Girl. 4th. Love, its Effect upon Man—How Love discovers itself in the Youth; in the refined and the rustic Maid—Elegy on the Fate of a young Lady. 5th. Matrimony. Causes of unhappy Marriages. Picture of a domestic Life. Conclusion.

WOMAN.

PART IV.

YES. Woman, gentle Woman all inspires;
Let Man tyrannic call his awful ires;
His awful ires let man tyrannic call,
Yet Woman, gentle Woman conquers all.
Learn'd in the human mind, her books our hearts,
Not force enthrones her, but assuasive arts.
With amiable defects of nature born,
Wants that endear, and foibles that adorn,

Submission is the sceptre she sustains,
Tears are her arms, caresses are her chains.
She, while mankind with pomp despotic frown,
Reigns in disguise, a queen without a crown.
All discord then her empire must remove,
Whose conquest pleases and whose laws are love.
And lest we govern with oppressive arms,
Heav'n to weak Woman adds enchanting charms.
What cannot Beauty? Who resists her reign?
Who, by her glances pierc'd, but loves his pain?
She smiles, and thousands at her feet adore;
She weeps, and arms ensanguin'd clang no more.
Say, must not heroes, in our awful cause
Pant high, when ******** **** beam applause?
And O, might Muses name th' unwedded band,
A sister Grace shou'd knit her added hand.

Hail, beauteous Woman, unexcell'd design,
Sum and exemplar of the plan divine;
Alone of no vile dust deriving date,
Last of creation, best of all create;
Fair peril, despot dear; on thee who gaze
Forget all other beauties earth displays;
Eve occidental, morn in moist attire,
Her locks conspicuous with a gem of fire.
Ev'n forms immortal bending to behold,
Back from the forehead toss the curl of gold:
Smile unexcell'd, yet doubt themselves as fair,
Adjust th' angelic port, the wreath repair,
Relume the lambent radiance of their beams,
And bathe ambrosial locks in nectar'd streams.

But most in Erin, native Isle divine,
Whose harp harmonious ever lov'd the Nine;

There where no serpent bites, or zenith burns,
But meads of shamrock quaff unmudded urns,
The lovely Virgin blooms. Observe her mien,
Majestic, gentle, and her smile serene;
Her airy step as lighting from the sky,
The rays cerulean of her humid eye.
In sunny clusters round her forehead bare,
Devolves the light luxuriance of her hair;
While, melting softer round, her rosy glow
Flushes her milky skin, as dawn the snow.
Moist odours on her lip delicious shine,
That rills of living tinct incarnadine.
But who may dare depict the peerless charm
Of heaving hills, where Loves encamp and arm?
These ever, nymphs, in timid robe attire;
The charm we least behold we most admire.

And since sweet Beauty, like a vernal flow'r,
Fades early, Maidens, haste, enjoy your hour;
Reign happy, laugh unblam'd: soon, soon ye sigh,
Men domineer, age ails, and children die.
Ev'n now, while nymphs I sing, and singing burn,
Hours steal, like streams, ah! never to return.

Nor less from Love, imparting happy pain,
While garlands circle his dissembled chain,
Auspicious influence Womanhood derives:
This most affects our manners, hearts and lives.
Connubial love creates us and employs,
Love friendly perfects, sensual love destroys.
Love ent'ring at our eye, but not our ear,
Like stubble burns, nor knows to be sincere.
Trust not, ye maids, inconstant youths again:
Men faithless once, are always faithless men.

Another face another flame imparts ;
Wise passion lasts. Weak heads have fickle hearts.
What will not he whom mighty love informs ?
He swims at midnight Hellespontic storms :
Subdues the world, or from the world retires.
What will not he whom mighty love inspires ?
Th' enamour'd youth imagines in his fair,
All human charms surpassing all compare.
Her giddy whim is his important law :
In her 'tis wisdom to discuss a straw.
The goblet moisten'd at her lip he drains,
Toucht by her finger, thrills along his veins ;
Hangs on her words, unutter'd wants supplies,
Intelligent to learn her asking eyes.
Else, envious of her smile, he roves alone,
With knotted arms athwart, and makes his moan ;

Tears sacrificial consecrates around,
Acts anger, seeks her absent, shuns her found.
These signs his passion tell. The tender maid
Tries a sweet cunning, and is hence betray'd.
Mute to her lover, she repays the wrong,
By timid glances and his fav'rite song;
Much mirth endeavours when the youth retires;
Affects to mock him, to defend him fires.
Unconscious sighs her inward wound proclaim,
And blushes mounting at his sudden name.
But with less art the rustic nymph conceals
Her passion, and with less refinement feels.
Half willing, half unwilling to be woo'd,
She flies when courted, lingers when pursued.
Then ever virginal reserve succeeds,
Eyes that belie her lips, engaging deeds;

Then frowns of pretty fury, kisses spurn'd,
But granted after, and at last return'd.
What charms unparagon'd her kiss compose!
The breath of gales impregnate with the rose;
The dewy moisture of the ruddy hours,
The pressure of the rill on panting flow'rs.
These, not unmixt with murmurs of the dove,
These are the dear delights of rural love.

But happy hour, when tender and alone,
A gentle pair congenial ardors own;
Vow love eternal, amiably unwise,
Link hands and interchange enchanted eyes.
This happy hour repays an age of pain;
This hour Maria knew, but knew in vain.
Sweet sister! thee, the gentle, lovely, young,
By youths importun'd and by poets sung,

Thee death insidious blighted; blighted now,
While happy parents hop'd thy nuptial vow.
Now the white robe by bridal hands array'd,
Thy lip yet trembling with thy love betray'd;
Nor cou'd tears save thee, dear domestic boast,
Nor love long calling thy departed ghost.
Strew with funereal hand, the fragrance frail
Of purple violets and of lilies pale,
Strew roses o'er Maria. This, this tear,
Meek spirit take, long lost, for ever dear!

But life connubial, the peculiar boast
Of Woman, aids her temp'rate empire most.
For this to man domestic virtue gives,
While more remote from painted vice he lives,
His magnet placid home. No hollow joy,
No lures his married harmony decoy.

Pale Dissipation, round whose wreath of vines,
A hissing snake the gilded tangle twines,
With broken goblet in his palsied palm,
Tempts ineffectual the domestic calm.

Yet oft, alas! the stream connubial flows,
Where rocks and torrents interrupt repose.
Say then, why some enjoy congenial lives,
With mothers, sisters, yet contend with wives?

Defect of mutual passion curses beds.
One for an heir, for gold another weds.
This, like Mahometan or Moorish race,
From sire penurious purchases a face.
That, fear of solitude to marriage moves;
Here the rash youth, refus'd by her he loves,
Weds her he hates. Hence Hymen couples souls,
Distinct as nether and supernal poles.

Late ties conform not, nor unequal years,
And marriage premature concludes in tears.
Ill fares where temper thwarts, or fervent minds
Expect perfection that no mortal finds.
Ill too where youths on wives unchosen chance,
Seen but by tapers, known but in the dance.
External charms unsolid love bestow;
Who dare the danger well deserve the woe.
Besides, our faults, assiduous we conceal
Ere marriage, anxious after to reveal.
The lover manners, morals make the spouse;
Then empire alters at the nuptial vows.
Who rules when courted, when obtain'd, obeys;
Enamour'd youths implore, the husband sways.
Oft from the knot these sorrows men deter,
Who thus beyond connubial foibles err.

In vain they say the virgin oft bereaves
A heart, to scorn it, and the wife deceives.
Better oft lose than never love a maid;
Better than never trust, be oft betray'd.
But not tumultuous towns, with visor'd balls,
And pageants oft impeding gloomy palls;
And elders smiting palms at quaver'd tones,
Then lulling senates or reviling thrones;
Not towns where stars on hearts unhappy glare,
With rural life domestic can compare.
The household wake from pure repose, and view
Dawn oriental redden fragrant dew.
All to fit task repair. The husband turns
His tillage, or unlocks his oozy urns;
Or prunes his luxury of shade, or shears
The future frieze, or cuts autumnal ears.

Meantime his tender mate, unus'd to roam,
Familiar ordinance enjoins at home;
Where children syllable in finger'd leaves,
Or ply the sampler that a verse inweaves.
At noon the jocund knot together rove
The sunny mountain or umbrageous grove.
Now the mown odours open, or enhook
The silent nations in loquacious brook;
Or arbours aren with osiers, and entwine
With roses, honeysuckle, eglantine.
The husband home returns at eve, and sees
The board replenish'd, all intent to please.
Babes at his knees essay their little charms;
His partner answers to his asking arms;
And now her lips of cheated joy complain,
While her white marble crimson kisses stain.

Then music, mirthful converse wing the time,
And golden volumes of immortal rhime.
Hours unpolluted! here no passion gnaws,
Here Candor executes unwritten laws.
The jest is here, the foible soon forgiv'n,
Repose unpurchas'd, pray'rs approv'd of Heav'n;
Here Innocence abides, while hearts sincere,
Participant delights and aims endear.

Give me, good Heav'n, to lengthen latter life,
Sum of our joys! a lov'd and loving wife;
Sedate yet gay, forgetful of offence,
With sober books adorning useful sense;
Who holds in age, that empire youth achiev'd,
Loves without pomp and pleases unperceiv'd.
Such be my lot. Ah, then no vernal gale
Shall tempt my bark unmoist and folded sail.

Then as at eve, some village, ting'd with gold,
And calm with shelter'd spire and smoke uproll'd,
Oft to repose attracts a pilgrim spent,
As he toils slow up the abrupt ascent;
Then nuptial love shall charm me while I stray,
And woo me weary from the world away.

And O, if parted souls in heav'n renew
Past transports of terrestrial union true;
Me, when my ling'ring orbs on Beauty close,
When Verse and Love forsake my cold repose;
When haply, pleas'd with this applause I sing,
Fair fingers strew my turf with early spring;
Me may the maiden whom below I love,
Rejoin in amaranthine bow'rs above.
There where the Sex no haughty taunts endure,
But breaths ambrosial hymn communion pure.

There where terrestrial woes no more divide
Impassion'd pairs who here unhappy died.
Youths whom the sires of tender virgins scorn;
And beauty breathless on the bridal morn;
And maids in pity from the world remov'd,
To join the constant youths whom here they lov'd.

NOTES.

NOTES.

PART I.

Page 7, line 6.] To flow thro' mortal mouths—

Virum volitare per ora.
To fly thro' mouths of men.

Virg.

Page 14, lines 15, 16.] Transfix'd her victim, &c.

Dechirera son sein, et d'un œil curieux,
Dans son cœur palpitant consultera les Dieux.

Iphigenie, Acte 4. Scene 4.

PART II.

Page 23, line 16.] Why do you gaze on me, my heav'nly child?

Φευ, φευ' τι προσδερκεσθε μ' ομμασιν, τεκνα;

Alas, alas! why do you look on me with those eyes, my children? *Eurip. Med. ver.* 1041.

Page 48, line 1.] Espous'd of Lapidoth—

Vide Song of Deborah.

P. 48, l. 3.] Semiramis, the Babylonian queen.

Semiramis, wife of Ninus, king of Assyria, built Babylon, conquered the Medes and Bactrians, and extended her victories over the greater part of Asia.

Page 48, line 4.] Arataphila, who freed Cyrene.

Nicocrates having usurped the government of

Cyrene, put Phœdimus, the husband of Arataphila, to death, and forcibly married herself. She conspired against him, succeeded in his destruction, and restored her country to liberty.

Page 48, line 5.] Aspasia, aiding Cyrus—

Aspasia, or Milto, the daughter of Hermotimus of Phocœa, became the mistress of Cyrus, and afterwards of Artaxerxes, the succeeding king of Persia. Her wisdom assisted both these kings in their councils and their wars.

Page 48, line 6.] Zenobia—

The celebrated queen of Palmyra, and pupil of Longinus. She married Odenathus, a Saracen prince, and assisted him in his conquests over the Persians. After her husband's death she added Egypt to her empire, but was at last vanquished by Aurelian.

Page 48, line 6.] Phila—

The daughter of Antipater, governor of Macedonia, during the absence of Alexander. Her father never undertook an enterprise without consulting her, and he even entrusted to her the juridical administration of the kingdom.

Page 48, line 6.] Carian Artemise.

Artemisia, queen of Caria, and wife of Mausolus. She performed several illustrious exploits after the death of her husband.

Page 49, line 4.] Oella, transatlantic queen—

She was the wife of Manco Capac, the first Inca of Peru.

P. 50. l. 13.] Tyrtæan numbers victory cou'd recal.

Tyrtæus was an Athenian poet, whose verses inspired such enthusiasm among the vanquished

Lacedemonians, that they renewed the conflict, and conquered the Messenians.

P. 50. l. 14.] Athenian verse preserv'd th'Athenian wall.

When Lysander vanquished Athens, it was debated at a banquet, whether the city should not be rased to the ground. In the mean time a noble chorus from Euripides was recited, which so transported the generals, that they resolved on the spot to spare a city honoured by the birth of such an illustrious bard.

Page 50, line 16.] Thales—

He was a native of Miletus, and one of the seven wise men of Greece.

Page 51, line 3.] The Gorsedd.

The name of the general assembly of the Druids.

Page 51, line 4.] Braint, Derwydd, Ovydd, Awenyddion.

The names of the different Druidical orders.

P. 51, line 5.] Not ev'n the holy legend verse disdains.

The greater part of the sacred writings is composed in that mode of poetry which was peculiar to the Hebrews.

PART IV.

Page 62, lines 14, 15.]

Say, must not heroes, in our awful cause
Pant high, when ******** **** beam applause?

The blanks are intended to be filled up in a subsequent edition.

P. 65, l. 5, 6.] Ev'n now while nymphs I sing, &c.

Sed fugit interea, fugit irreparabile tempus,
Singula dum capti, circumvectamur amore.

But time is lost which never will renew,
While we too far the pleasing path pursue.

VIRG.

P. 65, l. 11, 12.] Connubial love creates us, &c.

Nuptial love makes mankind, friendly love perfects it; but wanton love corrupts and debases it. *Bac. Essays.*

P. 66, l. 4.] He swims at midnight Hellespontic storms.

An allusion to the story of Hero and Leander.

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